

## **Light In The Dark by FallenQueen2**

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ONESHOT. COMPLETE

# **Light In The Dark**

**Writer's Month Day 11**

**Word Prompt: Whump**

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**Pairing: Steve and Max, Steve and Hopper**

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## **Light in the Dark**

Steve was pretty sure the world wasn't supposed to be sideways, but that didn't stop him from making his way over to Nancy and Jonathan who were huddled together under blankets like he was but together in the back of an ambulance.

"Damn Steve, what the hell?" Jonathan blurted out when he looked up from where his and Nancy's hands were clutched together. Nancy looked up and gasped quietly when she finally got a good look at his face and the way he was awkwardly holding himself in his dirtied and bloodied Scoops Ahoy uniform and a shock blanket.

"Had a run-in with the Russians under the mall, they didn't believe me when I told them I worked for Scoops Ahoy." Steve laughed awkwardly and he could feel the adrenaline from the fight and all that happened that night draining out of him.

"Oh Steve," Nancy murmured pityingly and Steve had to look away as something unpleasant bubbled in his gut.

"Thank God, mom and Hopper are okay." Jonathan breathed out, eyes having been drawn to the movement behind Steve. Steve turned and even though it hurt his face to do so he smiled happily at the sight of El and Will clinging to their respective parent.

Steve swayed a bit on his feet as he found himself looking over to

where Lucas, Max and Mike were all huddled together under their pile of shock blankets, both boys whispering to Max who had tear streaming down her cheeks.

"HEY!" Dustin and Erica managed to push their way past the barrier of people and US agents. Erica hurrying over to Robin who was watching Steve with those knowing eyes of her while Dustin rushed over to Steve.

Steve's vision went grey at the edges and he felt and saw the world turn on its side. His knees buckled and Steve felt his shock blanket slip off his shoulders as his body succumbed to gravity.

"Steve, Steve!" Dustin's voice cracked as he cried out for the older teen, hands scrambling to grab onto Steve's wrists. Steve barely noticed the touch but he did notice how he collided with a solid shape behind him.

"I got you, kid," Hopper's gruff voice was all Steve heard before he finally gave in to the darkness that overtook his vision.

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Awareness returned to Steve slowly and over periods. One time he was aware of beeping in his ears, another time he felt a warm pressure on his hand, his leg and another time he swore he heard a game of D&D being played.

Finally, some strength returned to Steve and he managed to peel his eyes open, well one of them at the least, as his other eye was covered in gauze and feeling a bit numb. Steve let his head loll to the side and stared at the IV that was inserted in his hand and bandages wrapped around his wrists where he remembered the handcuffs cutting into his flesh.

"Hey kid, take it easy." Hopper's voice made Steve lift his one eye to see the Chief sitting on one of the plastic chairs in the room.

"Hop?" Steve asked, slowly blinking when he heard how rough his voice was.

"I'm here kid," Hopper rose from the chair and helped Steve suck

down some water. Steve hummed his thanks when Hopper settled him back into place and Steve smiled unable to stop himself when the man brushed some of his hair off of his forehead in a fatherly gesture.

"We got to stop meeting like this," Hopper said attempting humour and referring to the last time they had ended up in the hospital together.

"Try to," Steve promised drowsily. "The others?"

"Everyone is okay, it's all over," Hopper promised quietly and Steve hummed as his head tipped to the other side of his pillow and his gaze landed on the couch in the room and his lips turned up into a smile.

"They refuse to leave, stubborn kids, no wonder you all get along." Hopper sounded fond when he spotted Steve watching the trio on the couch. Robin was sitting in the middle with Dustin all but drooling on her shoulder and Erica curled up on her lap, all three of them were asleep.

"Yeah," Steve knew he sounded fond as well, they had been through a lot together and he was glad they were there waiting for him.

"What happened?" Steve finally managed to ask, he knew he had been beaten to shit and drugged but he hadn't been taken to the hospital right away when checked out at the mall.

"You had a serve concussion and some bruised ribs. Not to mention the damage to your wrists and the drugs in your bloodstream." Hopper sounded angry and curled his fingers into the fabric of his pants.

"How long?" Steve knew he was hurt, after all, he felt each blow and he still felt the phantom sensation of that needle being pushed into his neck.

"Once they managed to flush out that drug from your system they put you down for about a week or so just so your body could recover properly," Hopper explained sounding pained and Steve hummed again.

"They've all been by, making sure to keep you company," Hopper said with a quirk of his lips and Steve found himself smiling as well unable to stop himself.

"You worried us kid, no more fainting okay?" Hopper said as he brushed Steve's hair back again and Steve sank deeper into the mountain of pillows he was propped upon.

"I'll try Hop," Steve murmured.

"I know you will kid," Hopper smiled wobbly as the doors creaked open and Max poked her head around. She was biting her lower lip before quietly gasping when she saw Steve's eye open.

"Max," Steve slurred out, lifting his free hand. Max let out a soft noise that could have counted as a sob and she flew into the room and clutched at his hand with both of hers. She pressed Steve's hand to her forehead as her shoulders shuddered.

"Thank God you're okay you idiot." Max gasped out as she swallowed back her sobs.

"Not going anywhere, shithead," Steve said fondly and Hopper sat back in his chair as El walked into the room and hugged him before standing behind her father, resting her chin on his head to watch Steve and Max.

"I already lost one brother, I thought I was going to lose another one when you collapsed," Max admitted as she clung to his uninjured hand.

"I'm here Max, always will be," Steve promised and she gave him a watery smile.

"You better be idiot," Max huffed and Steve smiled as his eye closed, suddenly exhausted.

"Steve?" Max whispered in worry.

"He needs lots of rest Max, he'll wake up again." Hopper cut in and Max set Steve's hand back onto the bed, but still held it with one of her own.

"Get better soon idiot," Max whispered and Steve fell unconscious with a smile on his face.